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Rhode Island Arbor Day



May Nine 1924

Rhode Island Education Circulars

THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL PROGRAM

FOR THE

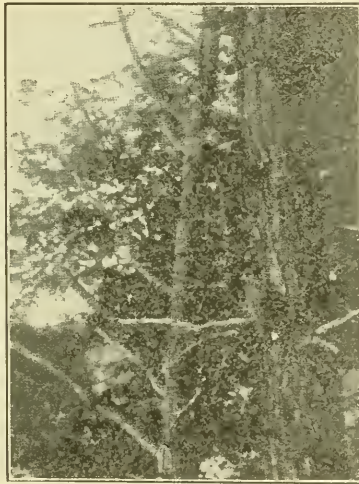
OBSERVANCE OF ARBOR DAY

IN THE

Public Schools of Rhode Island

MAY 9, 1924

(Edition of 85,000)



THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION
STATE EDUCATION SERVICE
RHODE ISLAND



Scene in a National Forest

Fire Guard in a Tree Top

State of Rhode Island
Public Education Service

COMMISSIONER'S ARBOR DAY MESSAGE

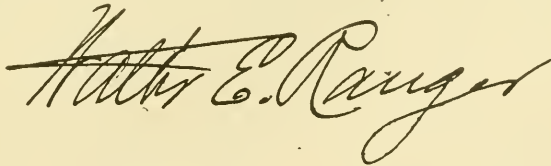
To the Children and Youth of Rhode Island Schools:

Arbor Day comes at a time of the year of which it is written: "Lo, the winter is past; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come." The magic of springtime seems to gladden every act of Arbor Day. In a trip to the woods, you become at one with the friendly trees. In planting trees, you bestow a kindness on others and enrich yourselves in the beauty of service. In sowing seeds and tending growing things, you grow in knowledge and the joy of new experience. In your indoor songs and recitations, you bring into your school rooms the "sweetness and light" of field and forest.

Arbor Day, though attending the festival of springtime, has a serious and practical purpose. It proclaims the utility of trees in all their beauty. It was appointed many years ago to promote the planting of trees that our fast diminishing woodlands might be restored. The exhaustion of our forest has continued with increasing rapidity while only limited efforts for reforestation have obtained. The fruitfulness of the earth has always been man's support. When trees are destroyed and not replaced and soils are exhausted and not restored, the earth no longer yields her increase. The first lesson of Arbor Day is a simple one. If the many wants of man ministered to by trees are to be supplied, ways must be found to restore our forests and to conserve them, with use of their increase only.

Forestry, then, is the main theme of Arbor Day. Planting trees best expresses its meaning. Reforestation has become a state and national problem. It is a great public interest in which every citizen is concerned. Sometime in Rhode Island, many believe, thousands of acres of denuded forest lands and waste places will be planted with forests. Will you, who have kept Arbor Day in the schools, have a part in such an enterprise? Many of you may begin now by planting trees and shrubs, by protecting trees, by planting seeds for a tree garden. By the roadside, on school grounds or in home yard there are places needing trees and shrubbery.

The Arbor Day program for this year contains many new and interesting things about trees and outdoor life. Thanks to our friends, this and former numbers of the annual program contain original articles of valuable information found nowhere else. For study or occasional reference and for preparing school exercise, many have found it useful to preserve each number. It is not the printed page, however, which will make Arbor Day exercise pleasurable and instructive, but the eager response to the appeal of the occasion.



Commissioner of Education.

THE DISTANT ROAD

Blessed is the man that beholdeth the face of a friend in a far country,
The darkness of his heart is melted by the dawning of day within him.

It is like the sound of a sweet music heard long ago and half forgotten:
It is like the coming back of birds to a wood when the winter is ended.

—Henry Van Dyke.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM FOR ARBOR DAY, 1924

CHORUS.	SCRIPTURE.	ARBOR DAY MESSAGE
SONG.	RECITATIONS.	ESSAYS—"Tree Utility."
		SONG.
	BRIEF REPORTS ON PLANTING TREES.	
RECITATIONS.	SONG.	GROUP EXERCISES.
CHORUS.	PLANTING EXERCISES.	

TREES

O, a tree is a psalm of beauty; yes a tree is a green-leaved prayer,
 A tree is a benediction, from those who planted it there;
 When you pause by the roadside weary, and rest beneath its shade,
 Say a prayer yourself for the kindly heart that this provision made.

There are trees far off in the wildwood, sprung from a seed wind-sown;
 And the winds today are glad because the earlier winds have blown.
 The birds which carol sweetly are but trying to sing in glee
 Their thanks to other birds that help't to build some forest tree.

That chatter you hear is a squirrel's call, who wishes to let you know
 His gratitude to his ancestors who planted the acorn to grow.
 So now, O man, you are rebuked by squirrel, bird and breeze.
 Unless you also bury seeds and bless the world with trées.

—*Rt. Rev. James H. Darlington.*

TWO LITTLE ROSES

One merry summer day
 Two little roses were at play;
 All at once they took a notion
 They would like to run away.
 Queer little roses;
 Funny little roses;
 To want to run away.

They stole along my fence;
 They clambered up my wall;
 They climbed into my window
 To make a morning call!
 Queer little roses;
 Funny little roses;
 To make a morning call!

—*Julia B. Ballard.*

THE TREE OF MY LIFE

My life is like a sturdy tree deep-grounded in God's care,
 And nourished well and made to grow by earnest, trusting prayer.

The roots are cords of reverent love and hold me firm for aye;
 The trunk, undying faith that grows more strong from day to day.

The branches are the thoughts I think; the leaves, the words I speak;
 The blossoms are intents to do, however frail and weak.

As by its fruit the tree is known, so will my life be, too;
 And when my life is growing right, my deeds are kind and true.

—*Harriette Wilbur.*

A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

Into the woods my Master went,
 Clean forspent, forspent,
 Into the woods my Master came,
 Forspent with love and shame,
 But the olives they were not blind to Him,
 The little gray leaves were kind to Him:
 The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
 When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
 And He was well content.
 Out of the woods my Master came,
 Content with death and shame,
 When Death and Shame would woo Him last,
 From under the trees they drew Him last:
 'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last,
 When out of the woods He came.

—*Sidney Lanier.*

THERE IS A SOLEMN WIND TO-NIGHT

There is a solemn wind to-night
 That sings of solemn rain;
 The trees that have been quiet so long
 Flutter and start again.

The slender trees, the heavy trees,
 The fruit trees laden and proud,
 Lift up their branches to the wind
 That cries to them so loud.

The little bushes and the plants
 Bow to the solemn sound,
 And every tiniest blade of grass
 Shakes on the quiet ground.

— *Katherine Mansfield.*

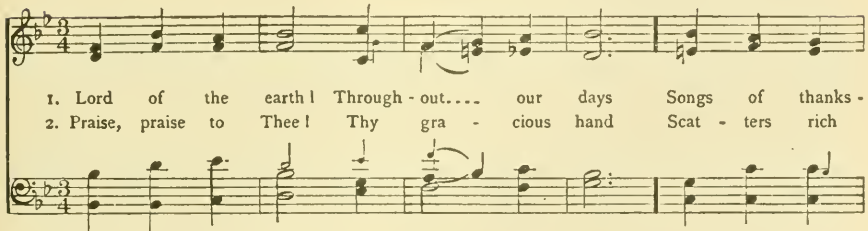
SCRIPTURAL SELECTIONS FOR ARBOR DAY

(Earth's Praise of God).

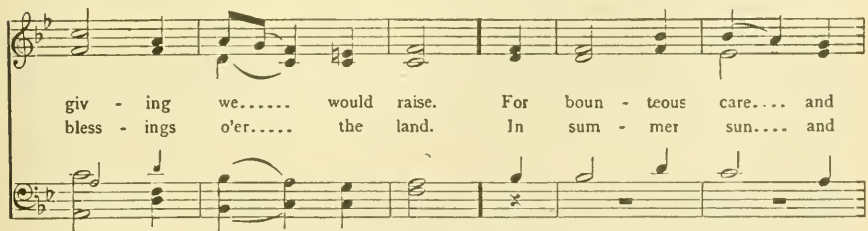
Let the people praise thee, O God, let all the people praise thee,
 Then shall the earth yield her increase, and God, even our God, shall bless us.
 Praise ye the Lord from the heavens, praise him in the heights.
 Praise ye him, son and moon; Praise him all ye stars of light.
 Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens.
 Praise the Lord from the earth.
 Fire and hail; snow, and vapour; stormy wind fulfilling his word.
 Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars.
 Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl.
 Both young men, and maidens, old men and children.

Let them praise the name of the Lord, for his name is excellent, his glory is above the earth and heaven.—*Psalms LXVII and CXLVIII.*

Walton

L. M. *Arr. from Ludwig von Beethoven*


1. Lord of the earth! Through-out... our days Songs of thanks -
 2. Praise, praise to Thee! Thy gra - cious hand Scat - ters rich



giv - ing we..... would raise. For boun - teous care.... and
 bless - ings o'er..... the land. In sum - mer sun.... and



gifts of love.. Our hearts would thank Thee God. a - bove.
 win - ter gale.. Thy ten - der mer - cies nev - er fail.

FARM TIMBER PROFITABLE

"Farmer, grow some trees!"

This is good advice. It is the kind of advice you might expect to hear from a member of a forestry association. It might be given by a professional forester. It might come from a neighboring farmer who was sensibly and scientifically turning green trees into greenbacks every year from his prosperous farm woodlot.

In the northeastern states there is much good farm land. It can and does produce valuable crops when constructively and intensively tilled. This takes time and money. On much of this acreage timber is growing. On a lot more of it—land that will not fatten a cow or grow a cabbage—timber should be growing. The truth calls for strong emphasis.

Land growing trees is more valuable than land growing nothing. If it continues to grow trees it can keep right on being worth something, and if it goes on growing nothing—well, it will just go on being worth nothing, even less than nothing.

Banks asked to loan money on farms almost invariably inquire concerning wood lots and timber. The farmer is asked how much timber he has grown on his farm, how he had been cutting it out, whether he has been reforesting, and other details about his stand of trees.

The bank's appraisers visit the farm and pay considerable attention to the woodlot, to find its existing value. They talk with the farmer about how to handle his timber resources—what to cut and what not to cut, and when—and how to administer it next year, and the year after and years after that, so that the woodlot will be paying its rent and a bonus besides. If the farmer has been practicing good sense with his woodlot the chance of securing credit is increased, and the bank usually is willing to extend credit on a long-term basis. "Our observation," writes one banker, "leads us to believe that the woodlot is the most abused portion of the average farm. In these days of fast diminishing timber supply proper care and management of the woodlot means much, not only to the farmer himself, but to the country at large."

Federal-state college experiment stations and state foresters have made available a large store of information on the best methods of foresting and procedure in cutting. The poorer or dying growths may be used for firewood, at the same time aiding the growth of the more valuable species. Prevention of the spread of white pine blister rust by the removal of currant and gooseberry bushes, protection from the devastation of fire, advantage of laws permitting deferred or reduced taxation of growing timber lands are suggested.

Growing a good crop of timber requires knowledge and skill just as does the production of a good farm crop. You cannot produce the latter without care and effort. It is equally absurd to expect that a woodlot can be maintained in excellent condition without careful attention to details. The wood timber resources of the average farm are not fully appreciated, and except in rare cases they are not fully developed. In many instances growing wood and timber, if properly handled, will over a period of years prove not only a helpful source of income, but may lay the foundation for substantial wealth.

An exhibit recently shown in the banking rooms of the Rhode Island Hospital Trust Company suggests the possibilities for abundant profit through systematic foresting and lumber raising in Rhode Island. Cross-sections of

timber from the Smith H. Steere estate in Chepachet included white oak, black birch, white pine, beech, yellow pine, white ash and chestnut. Age computations were made from the rings shown in cross-section. The actual value of lumber sawn from the trees was computed on the basis of wholesale prices in Providence. The results indicated that good profits may be made from foresting for timber, although the profit is a deferred profit because of the comparatively slow growth of timber. Rhode Island has an estimated area of 240,000 acres of idle land that could be reforested advantageously with either hard or soft woods. Succeeding generations would bless those who did the planting.

Dr. F. T. McLean of the experiment station at Rhode Island State College estimates that one hundred acres of land set out to white pine would involve an investment of \$2,300, counting land at \$8 per acre, trees at \$8 per acre, and labor at \$7 an acre. After deducting an annual interest charge of five per cent. and taxes at 10 cents per acre, the profit would be \$7,000 if the trees were cut in 30 years, \$33,814 if the trees were cut in 40 years, \$65,580 if the trees were cut in 50 years, \$99,950 if the trees were cut in 60 years. A careful plan for reforesting would permit periodical cutting and continuation of the lumber plat as a highly profitable investment. One hundred acres of mixed oak sprout land would yield \$1,180 profit in 30 years, or \$10,135 in 60 years. The element conditioning large profit is time, and while the interval of 30 years between planting and first profits is long, there is scarcely an investment promising an assured return so large as that from foresting.

The investment is not subject to the hazard of lowering markets. More than 50 per cent. of the virgin timber land in the United States has been cleared without reforestation, and at current rates of consumption replacement is only 25 per cent., while the demand for wood is so far in excess of a supply conveniently near the place for use as to force a continual rise in price. There is practically little loss of wood; parts of the tree not suitable for sawed lumber are taken for firewood, paper-making, for distillation of valuable chemicals, or for various purposes in industry. Even sawdust, carefully cleaned and treated with binding materials, molded or pressed and dried, yields ornamental trimmings matching sawed timber of the same kind, and is used extensively in furniture-making.

The State Forester estimates that the 240,000 acres available for forest planting in Rhode Island could be made to yield 66,000,000 board feet of timber annually, and thus to supply enough wood to meet the demands for lumber in Rhode Island and for other uses in industry. The output could be marketed favorably in Rhode Island with the advantage of saving freight and transportation charges.

Aside from commercial and industrial advantages to be derived, reforestation would tend to beautify the State through reclamation of unsightly waste places; to insure a more abundant supply of wholesome water in our rivers, and to increase the general health, because trees absorb from the atmosphere waste gases that are unwholesome.

OF PUBLIC CONCERN

It has been estimated, with a fair degree of accuracy, that New England is paying an annual transportation bill of \$15,000,000 to get her lumber from the West and South. Her own lumber supplies are fast approaching exhaustion, and the transportation costs will be even greater in the future. But the supplies of these other sections are not inexhaustible, and, under prevailing conditions, the time is coming when the whole nation may have to look to foreign lands for

lumber. The treating of timber as a crop, rather than as an accident, is a matter of public concern, which we believe should be brought to the attention of every Rhode Islander. In this State are thousands of acres now idle which are capable of growing timber. Shall we let these lands stand barren, or shall we put them to profitable use?—*The Netopian*.

LUMBER SITUATION SERIOUS

The lumber situation in New England is serious. Thirty-five years ago there was no difficulty in obtaining spruce and other useful woods grown at home; now lumber for buildings comes from the Pacific coast to Providence for distribution throughout New England. Fir from the forests of the far west is a satisfactory timber, but the cost necessarily is high, the hauling distance in a direct line being three thousand miles while the Panama Canal route is much longer. The western forests, moreover, can be drawn upon for only a limited period; in a few years the west will have difficulty in supplying its own needs; it is high time, therefore, for the east to make provision for the future. And Rhode Island should do its full share in the great task of reforestation.—*Providence Journal*.

THE FOREST TROUBADOUR

Down in the heart of the greenwood, beside the dim lakeshore
Is the trysting-place of the forest folk, and the forest troubadour.
There, when the blue dusk deepens, and the stars wheel on through space
The birds and the beasts and the forest folk creep to the trysting-place.
Then the greenwood piper, who comes, when the day is done,
From the rim of the furthestmost valley, where the sunset gold is spun,
Plays, as the wood aisles darken, a haunting, witchlike air,
Till even the hawk is gentled and the gray wolf leaves his lair.
So bird and beast and forest child listen in silent awe,
Forget their former enmity, forget the jungle law.
Then fairy bows to goblin, and toads creep from the rocks,
And even the timid forest hares hobnob with the red-tailed fox.
And any venturesome human who finds the trysting-place,
And hears the piper's music, is given heart of grace
To understand the greenwood speech and to follow, unafraid,
The darkest trail of the forest heart and the wildest woodland glade.

—*Henry C. Pitz.*

THE FLOWER

In an ugly old field a little boy saw
One flower of beautiful hue
And he said to himself "I will pick that flower
So my mother can look at it, too."

But he broke off the stem and, what do you think?
Away a big butterfly flew;
All the time he had thought 'twas a flower for its wings
Were such nice, periwinkle-y blue!

—*Helen Kent.*

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

—*William Shakespeare.*

The Rose Bush

Mary Vaughn

Eugene Adams

mp Con grazia

1. Shad - ed and cool is the flow - er - ing gar - den;
 2. Pleas - ant the paths of the green shad - ed gar - den,

mp

Dust - y and hot is the neigh - bor - ing street, And
 Birds there are sing - ing at morn - ing and noon. But

cres *rit. e dim.*

o - ver the wall climb the ram - bling ros - es,
 o - ver the wall climb the ram - bling ros - es,

a tempo p *cres.*

Giv - ing the pass - ers a fra - grance sweet.
 Bring - ing the pass - ers a breath of June.

f *p*



WINTER COLOR IN THE PARK

Professor Marion D. Weston, Rhode Island College of Education.

After the skating season is over and before the gardens begin to draw their crowds of admirers to Roger Williams Park, there may come a time in early spring when you will enjoy a quest for color. Perhaps you think that color in the park is confined to blossom time or the foliage of autumn.

Come out some day and see for yourself that color is here in abundance throughout the winter. In the spring the hues grow more vivid as trees and shrubs begin to waken from their winter resting period. Find the colors suggested in this article. You will discover many more, for only easily described hues have been noted. You will find delicate tone differences which will enable you to tell at a glance the names of many trees and shrubs. Yet when you try to describe those colors so that someone else may see what you have seen, you will indeed find it a difficult task.

The important thing, however, is that you yourself shall have this intimate acquaintance with trees because color is oftentimes a better guide than form. All trees are not so characteristic in shape as the elm. Your friends must make their own color scales. You will never agree on the best words to describe the infinite series of tones which the spring landscape has to offer you.

Mrs. Comstock, a most ardent lover of trees at any season, speaks of the khaki of the poplars. It is fitting that our park should be guarded on the north by a solid phalanx of erect trees "uniformed in khaki." Along the race track near the Elmwood avenue end of the park you will find a magnificent row of Carolina Poplars. I like to think of them as scouts protecting the park.

Masses of shrubbery with yellowish brown as the dominant tint are almost sure to contain much forsythia. Across the way from the boathouse splendid forsythias stand out from the background of Rhododendrons. While brown is not a common color in tree trunks, we find it in the most unique trunk of New England, the sycamore. All the glory of the trunk with its white patches gleaming from the brown bark is displayed by the beautiful tree in front of the Betsey Williams cottage. Fortunately the creamy spots are not soiled by

city smoke which mars the beauty of so many sycamores. No other tree can compete with the sycamore in originality of trunk design.

If you will hunt for the willows overhanging the lakes you will agree that yellow is the proper word to describe the color of the sweeping branches. At the northern end of Polo lake, down the hill from the museum, one of these graceful trees stands directly across the path from a thicket of golden osier willow which is kept trimmed back to the shrub form.

The bright golden yellow, almost orange, branches glow in a veritable riot of color equalled only by the glorious crimson of the red-stemmed dogwood planted close by. If you are a scout you have learned the meaning of the colors of the flag. Red for valor! Is there not something valiant about these shrubs which show such brave coloring through the blizzards of our northern winters? Such tones are almost tropical in their splendor.

Green is a color which you may think is confined to the evergreens during the winter season. Study the trellis of rambler roses in front of the museum or in the rose gardens near Elmwood avenue. Winter greenness in a mass of cultivated shrubbery usually means kerria. The slender green twigs bear delicate leaves and golden yellow flowers in the spring.

Among trees the branches of the ash-leaved maple show clear, green coloring. There are a number of these trees near the Betsey Williams cottage. One other tree, the sassafras, possesses striking green tones in twigs and branches. As far as I know your search through the park for a sassafras will be in vain.

One genus of trees alone shows pure white, the birches. The bark of these trees is too well known to require description. The fact that more than one kind of birch has chalky white bark may, however, cause confusion. The splendid planting of cut-leaved birches near the menagerie furnishes one of the numerous beauty spots of the familiar northern end of the park. Their pendulous branches distinguish them from the native grey birches.

Clumps of grey birches are everywhere. The slender white trunks of the mature trees grow in clusters, making it easy to distinguish them from the



Sycamore Near Betsy Williams Cottage

solitary figures of the cut-leaved birches. A field of young growth of grey birches presents a very different color scheme. The familiar white is entirely lacking and in its place a bright brown tone appears. Throughout the life of the tree the twigs retain this brownish hue. Seen from a distance masses of very young trees may even show tinges of purple.

From white to silver is an easy transition. Tones of grey predominate among trees, the most beautiful being the soft grey of the trunks and larger branches of the beech trees. Rapidly growing red maples are remarkably like the beeches in their delicate silver grey coloring. "The graceful, smooth, grey-barked red maple, that, true to its name, keeps its bit of winter landscape warm with its glow, each of its bud-laden twigs a ruddy dreamer of scarlet past and crimson future."*

The beech like the maple confines its silver grey to its trunks and main branches. The brown twigs of the beech and the red of the maple are "greyed over" by a delicate violet haze when seen from a distance.

While the red maple is the only native tree which will stand close comparison with the beech, light grey is not a rare tint among trees. The white oak stands out clear and distinct from a group of red and black oaks with their dark grey trunks. "The bark of the white oak is pale grey, divided by shallow fissures into elongated scales, yet withal a dignified dress for a noble tree. To one who is fortunate enough to have had a Quaker grandfather, the white oak will bring a vision of him arrayed in his First Day garb."*

The old white oak like the old red maple loses its characteristic coloring. The ancient beech, however, because of the smooth texture of its bark, always retains its silver tone.

A wise system of planting is extending our acquaintance with trees to visitors from the south. Hillside avenue, near Elmwood avenue, is lined with sweet gum with its pale grey branches. As the trunks become older the silvery tint is replaced by dark grey sculpturing. The yellowwood planting along Floral and Gladrastus avenues, near the superintendent's house, shows a smooth grey bark reminding you of the beech. In the extreme southern end of the park on the Frederick C. Green memorial boulevard you will find rows of tulip trees. The grey bark splits in narrow sections, showing clear creamy tints beneath. None of the trees in this area is old enough to show that this characteristic disappears with age.

Brown and white and grey! Red, orange, yellow, green and violet! If by chance your quest for color should fall on a sunny, windy day in March there will be blue enough in the lakes to make up for its absence along the shore. The cold, steel blue of the thin ice still remaining here and there will contrast sharply with the vivid, wind-blown blue of the water. If twilight approaches before your quest is complete, you will discover that a glorious March sunset is never more lovely than when you can enjoy it across the lakes of Roger Williams Park.

It was a thing of beauty, not only in the sweet days of summer when it "srook its green leaves in the breeze," but even in winter as it spread abroad its bared, leafless boughs to the music of the gale, there was majesty to it and a grace of outline, such as gave one joy to look upon.

*Trees at Leisure. Anna Botsford Comstock.

RHODE ISLAND VERSE

A THOUGHT OF HOPE

Ruth Hayden, Rhode Island College of Education.

The blossom that I picked so late is withered,
 The tender petals droop, the colors fade;
 But somewhere, deep within my heart is treasured
 The sweet impression that small flower has made:—

Though brief its span of fragrance and of beauty,
 How great the abundant sweetness that it gave!
 I cannot fill e'en one small hour with living
 Half so sweet. And yet, perchance, in life's long wage,

If I shall give the most I have to offer—
 Of help, of love, a little every day—
 The whole may prove as sweet as that small flower,
 And total right, before I pass my way.

WHAT DOES ARBOR DAY MEAN TO ME?

Ruth Hayden.

What does arbor day mean to me?
 It means the planting of a tree.
 First we dig a hole in the earth,
 Spicing labor with youthful mirth,
 Put in the tree, pour water in,
 Shovel the loam with merry din,
 Then all the rest of the time to play,
 O, I am glad it is Arbor Day.

What does arbor day mean to me
 More than the planting of a tree?
 It means the starting of some good
 To help and cheer my neighborhood,
 To give the traveler shade and rest,
 The bird a place to build her nest.
 To do one deed that shall live and grow
 Even longer than I may know.

WHERE THE VIOLETS GROW

Ruth Hayden.

Come, let us go where the violets grow,
 'Tis quiet and fragrant there.
 Not far away from the world to stray,
 But far enough to lose care:
 To leave the work which we may not shirk
 When it looms before our eyes,

Yet is better done when we've had a run
 Beneath the open skies.

To gain a sense of the world's immense
 Resource for joy and rest:
 To come back home convinced that our
 Own lot, for us, is best.

PLANTS

Pearl W. Russell, Manton Grammar School.

Aren't plants
 The most wonderful things—
 The way they blossom and bloom?
 The way the tiny leaves unfold,
 The beauty they lend to a room.

The plant
 Of which I am writing
 Has crinkly soft leaves of green;
 And the dearest light pink blossoms
 I think I have ever seen.

It was sent
 To us by a friend,
 As a message of thought and of love.
 And as each tiny new shoot appears,
 We know it is sent from above.

They say now
 That plants are like humans.
 The way they eat and they drink;
 But the more I wonder about it,
 The less I know what to think.

SPRING

Pearl W. Russell, Manton Grammar School.

"Spring is here,"
 Shouted Blue Bird one day
 To his neighbor the robin,
 Just over the way.

"The sun is bright
 And the days are so cheery;
 It does seem nice
 After winter so dreary.

"Tell all our friends,
 The chipmunk and hare,
 The skunk and the meadow mouse,
 And old Bruin, the bear.

"Tell them to come,
 The day is so bright,

They've been waiting so long
 Through the day and the night."

So robin went calling,
 First here and then there,
 Till finally he'd called
 Them from everywhere.

Then all were so glad
 That Spring was here,
 That they sang and they chattered
 And were full of good cheer.

And Mistress Spring laughed
 To herself at the fun:
 "I make them so happy
 I'm glad I have come."

GIVE!

O the best that we have is never too good
 To give to the world around us;
 And the strength that it takes may be found in the load
 That others have borne before us.

Give your health and your strength to the weary and old;
 Give cheer and a hand to blindness,
 Give your love—and you'll reap it a hundredfold,
 Give all, and you'll grieve not the kindness.

So give to the world your smile and your tear,
 Unburden some heart full of sorrow,
 And bring to a soul dejected in fear
 A hope in the dawning tomorrow. —*F. W. Heffernan in Alembic.*

TREE FASHIONS

Poplar trees are satin-leaved
 In the early spring;
 Willow spreads a soft green veil
 About her, shimmering.

Apple leaves are rough enough
 To wear in any weather;
 Larch trees flirt a dainty fringe,
 Exquisite altogether.

Elm tree wears with airy grace
 A flowing gown of green;
 Oak tree keeps her dignity—
 But fringes may be seen.

While a most alluring nymph,
 Dressed for evening clearly,

Wears a gown that's half a mist
 Blowing 'round her merely.

That's the birch, a slender maid
 And elusive, very;
 Undecided which to be,
 Pensive now, or merry.

Here's a stately queen, superb
 Symmetry about her—
 Maple's pride is hard to curb—
 Flapper trees must flout her.

Later, careless of their dress,
 Some trees may look seedy,
 But in Spring I cannot find
 One that's looking needy.

—*Annie L. Laney in the Providence Journal.*

FOREST TREES

There is a kinship 'mong the trees
 That in the forest grow—
 A deferential courtesy
 They to each other show;
 Such grace of manners, so polite,
 Such stately, high-born ways—
 It minds one of the etiquette
 Of old Colonial days.

Sometimes they join in solemn chant,
 In measures mild and sweet;
 Sometimes they pour forth strains of joy
 With melody replete,
 Sometimes, with branch outstretched to branch,
 All gentle and sedate,
 They dance a graceful minuet,
 All in a forest fete.

Oh, endless are the wildwood joys!
 Oh, measureless the grace
 Of branch and blossom, leaf and bough,
 That winsome interlace!
 Great Nature yields no goodlier rest
 On all her lands and seas,
 No goodlier rest for weary brain
 Than commune with the trees.

They bring us tidings of the skies
 As upward still they grow;
 The lofty wisdom of the heavens
 In silent speech they show.
 Endowed with beauty, grace, and strength,
 And rich in fruitfulness,
 God made them almoners of earth—
 The whole, wide world to bless.
 —*M. D. Tolman.*

BE THE BEST OF WHATEVER YOU ARE

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,
 Be a scrub in the valley—but be
 The best little scrub by the side of the rill;
 Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

If you can't be a bush be a bit of the grass,
 Some highway some happier make.
 If you can't be a muskie then just be a bass—
 But the liveliest bass in the lake!

We can't all be captain, we've got to be crew;
 There's something for all of us here.
 There's big work to do and there's lesser to do,
 And the task we must do is the near.

If you can't be a highway then just be a trail;
 If you can't be the sun be a star;
 It isn't by size that you win or you fail—
 Be the best of whatever you are!

—*American Lumberman.*

TREE SONG.

Mrs. ORMISTON CHANT.

Allegro.

1. The trees are wav - ing to and fro, So are we, so are we, Be -
 2. The trees are point - ing to the sky, So are we, so are we, They
 3. They keep their place by each firm root, So will we, so will we, Keep

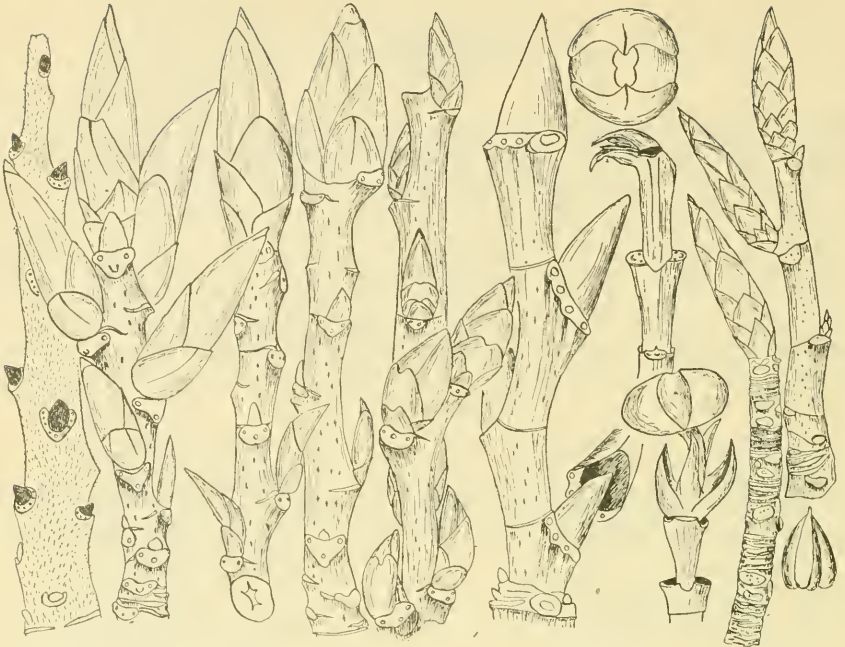
neath the wild wind bend - ing low, So do we, as you see. Oh,
 hold their grace - ful heads up high, So will we, as you see. Oh,
 place with firm - ly plant - ed foot, As you see, as you see. Oh,

may we grow like hap - py trees, In shad - ow or in sun, To

bless the world, to help, and please, Till our life - work is done.

From "The Rote Song Book."

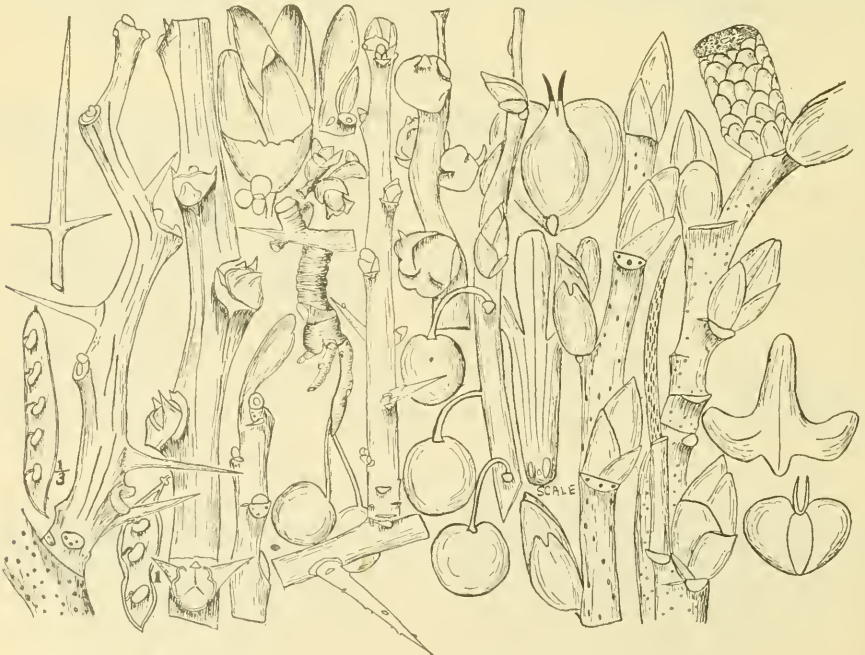
TWIGS IN WINTER

STAG HORN
SUMACHCAROLINABALM IN
POPLARGILEAD
SMALL TOOTH
POPLAR

SYCAMORE

FLOWERING
DOGWOOD

BEECH

HONEY
LOCUSTCOMMON
LOCUSTWITCH
HAZEL

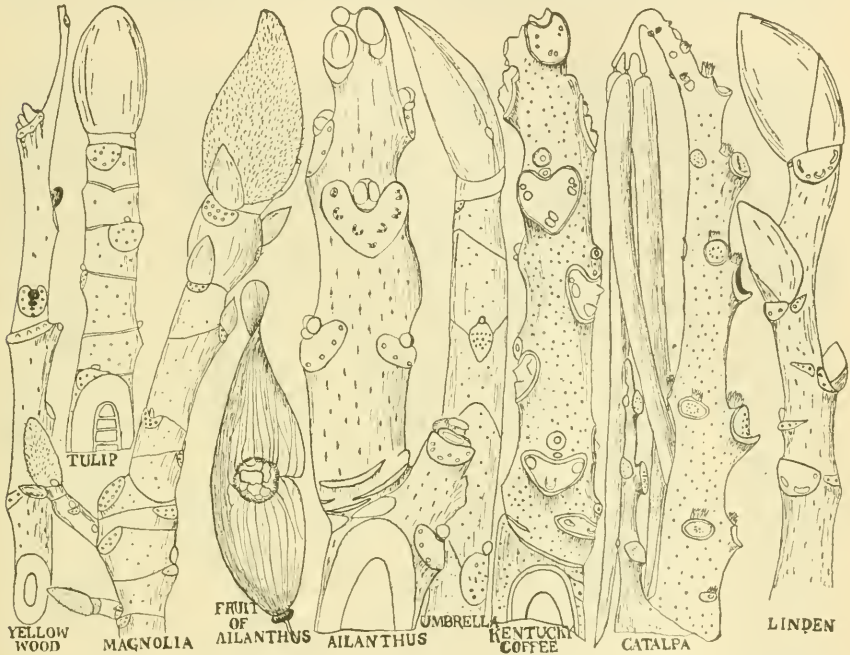
HAWTHORNE

HOCK- BERRY
YELLOW
BIRCHGRAY
BIRCH

TWIGS IN WINTER

Professor William Gould Vinal, Rhode Island College of Education.

Last year we wrote the autobiography of a horse-chestnut twig. This year we have made some drawings which will enable you to become acquainted with other twigs in winter. If you will look at the drawing of the twig of the horse-chestnut in the 1923 Arbor Day pamphlet (page 25), you will see the names of the various markings on the twig. Every tree has similar signs. In the same way that you recognize your friends by the size and shape of their nose and eyes, or their complexion and freckles, so you identify various trees by their



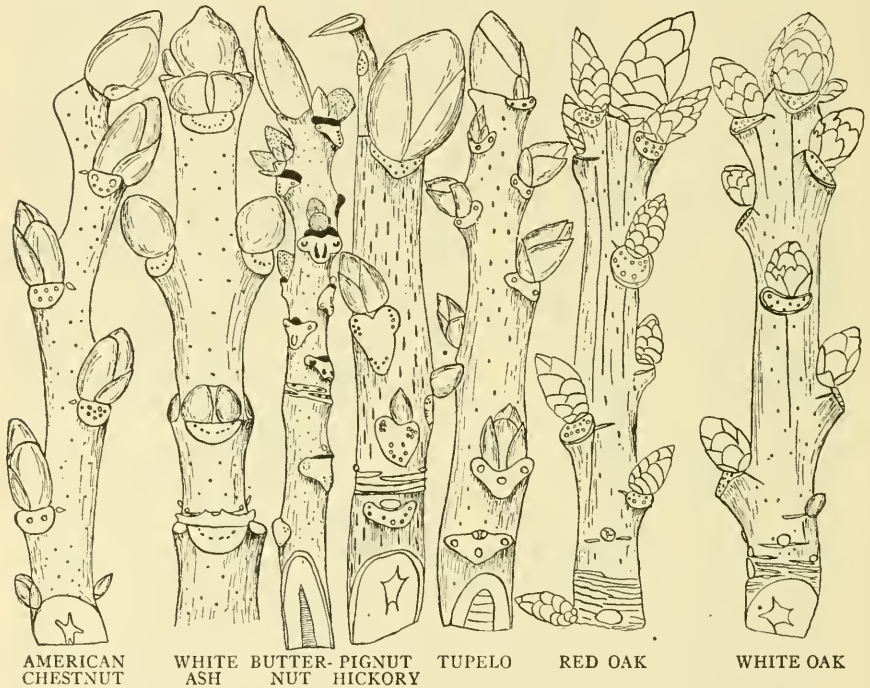
characteristics. The leaf scars vary in size and shape. The vein scars differ in number and arrangement. The breathing pores may be round or long. The pith often differs in color and shape. If you can see these simple differences in color, size, shape, number and arrangement of parts, you will be able to name our common twigs by comparing them with these drawings.

In some schools we have intelligence tests. Twig study is also an intelligence test. It may easily be made into a game. Take two twigs and see who can write the greatest number of differences in ten minutes. Twig study is one of the best means of testing the power of observation.

Twig study has always been profitable. The Indians knew that the ash makes a good bow. They knew the sumac, because they made Indian lemonade from its red berries. The frontiersman knew the common locusts, because they made good fence posts. The landscape gardener knows the flowering dogwood and magnolia, because he uses them to decorate the landscape. He may select the hawthorne or ailanthus, because of its showy fruit, or the beech and yellow birch, because of its beautiful bark. The poet knows the twigs as evidenced by his productive appreciation. To the boy scout and the girl scout they are more than mere sticks. A real scout (not a parlor scout) knows that the bark

from a dead gray birch, the fibres from the bark of the dead chestnuts, and the matting from the red cedar make good tinder. The experienced woodsman gathers dead twigs from the evergreen trees for kindling. He avoids the white berried sumac because of its poisonous effect. He may steep the twigs of the witch-hazel for its healing extract. Each tree is a friend which contributes to his welfare when he is in the forest.

Some boys and girls may enjoy making a twig collection and mounting them on a board. The labels should be placed near them, and if the various uses of the tree are written alongside of the twig it will be doubly interesting. How many kinds of trees grow within one mile of your school building?



OUR STATE TREE

The suggestion was made in the Arbor Day pamphlet for 1923 that, as the school children of Rhode Island in 1895 selected the maple as our state tree, the school children of 1924 should identify the state tree among the eight varieties of maples to be found in Rhode Island,—Sugar, Silver, Striped, Mountain, Norway, Sycamore and Box Elder. Request was made that on Arbor Day, 1923, nominations should be made for an election to be held on Arbor Day, 1924. Nominations have been made by Walley School, Bristol; Meshanticut Park School, Cranston; Thomas A. Doyle School, Providence, and Plainville School, Alton. The preferences, as indicated on the total vote for each tree place the nominations in the following order: Rock, Red, Norway, Sugar, White, Sycamore, and Box Elder. Under the conditions prescribed for nominations in 1923, the Rock Maple and Red Maple are candidates for election on Arbor Day, 1924. Schools should send the results of the ballot on these trees to the Commissioner of Education.

THE RED MAPLE VS. THE SUGAR MAPLE

A debate by the pupils of the seventh grade of the Henry Barnard School on Arbor Day, 1923.

Myles Sydney, chairman: We, the children of the seventh grade of the Henry Barnard School, have been studying the different kinds of trees and have gone on field trips observing them. We have made a special study of the maple. The school children of Rhode Island have already voted that the maple shall be the state tree. However, there are eight different varieties of maples, and we have selected the two which we think best suited for that purpose. The girls will uphold the sugar maple and the boys the red maple. Each debater will be allowed four minutes and each side will have two minutes for rebuttal. The judges will consider the strength of the argument, the use of English, and the delivery.

Florence Urquhart: The girls of the seventh grade believe that the sugar maple should be the state tree of Rhode Island, first, because it is stately, majestic, beautiful, and symmetrical. By the last I mean that all the branches tend to make the tree a perfect conical shape. Second, this tree can be easily distinguished by its leaves. There are five letters in sugar and there are five lobes in the leaf. Therefore, since this is so, we can easily distinguish the sugar maple in summer. The buds of the sugar maple are easily identified. They are long and narrow, whereas the buds of the other maples are short and broad. Third, the tree has many uses. Its sap can be made into sugar. Are there any children in Rhode Island that do not like maple sugar? I do not think so.

Now let me repeat the points I have mentioned. First, the tree is stately, majestic, beautiful, and symmetrical. Second, the tree can be easily identified. Third, its sap can be made into maple sugar. Because these things are true, the girls of the seventh grade assert that the sugar maple should be the state tree of Rhode Island.

Jack Dolan: The boys of the seventh grade believe that the red maple should be the state tree of Rhode Island because it can grow easily in Rhode Island. Rhode Island is a state of many rivers, lakes, and swamps, and the red maple can grow easily in moist soil. The buds of the red maple are small compared with the buds of the other maples. Our state is small compared with the other states. Therefore the red maple typifies our state. You can distinguish the red maple in summer because the leaves have three distinct lobes and the leaves of other maples have five distinct lobes. You can easily distinguish the red maple in winter because the buds are red. The wood of the red maple can be made into furniture and household articles.

Now I will enumerate the points I have given. First, the red maple can grow easily in Rhode Island. Second, its bud typifies the size of our state. Third, it can easily be distinguished. Fourth, it is useful. The boys of the seventh grade believe that the red maple should be the state tree of Rhode Island.

Meriel Vinal: We, the girls of the seventh grade, think that the sugar maple should be the state tree of Rhode Island because it is valuable in many ways. The wood of the sugar maple is hard, strong, heavy, fine-grained, and takes a high polish well. Think of its value then for furniture! From the sugar maple is produced bird's eye maple. Have you ever walked by a furniture store in Rhode Island without seeing furniture made of bird's eye maple? No, you have not. The sugar maple is used for hardwood floors because there are no soft places in it to be worn away and make splinters which may get into your feet and possibly cause serious illness. Do you wish this to happen to you? No, you do not. Then let us make our floors out of sugar maple and have no

splinters. Another point in its favor is that it is an excellent fuel, and, after it is burned, potash can be obtained from the ashes.

Let us review all my points. The sugar maple supplies valuable furniture, excellent hardwood floors, a multitude of wooden household articles, and fuel and potash. The sugar maple is entirely devoted to the service of man. Therefore the girls of the seventh grade think that the sugar maple should be chosen as the state tree of Rhode Island.

Andrew Rougvie: The boys of the seventh grade think that the red maple should be the state tree of Rhode Island, because it typifies our state in another way besides the one my colleague mentioned. The red maple is the first to bloom in the spring and the first to color in the fall. It is said that Rhode Island is either first or last in any movement of national importance. Thus the red maple illustrates a striking characteristic of our state. The red maple benefits our state's chief industry, manufacturing, because its wood is used for furniture, toys, and all kinds of wooden articles. Valuable substances are extracted from the bark and made into ink and dyes. My colleague stated that the red maple can grow easily in moist soil. It can also grow in city streets and provides shade during the hot summer months. Is there a street in Providence, where there are any trees at all, on which you cannot see the red maple growing?

Therefore, because the red maple is like our state in being first and last in many things, because it benefits our state's chief industry, because substances are extracted from its bark, and because it is a valuable shade tree, the boys of the seventh grade assert that the red maple should be the state tree of Rhode Island.

REBUTTAL

Andrew Rougvie: The red maple is the most beautiful of all maples. Its wonderful crimson is unequalled. It is also one of the most beautiful trees in our country. One of my opponents has stated that the leaf of the sugar maple has five lobes and that there are five letters in sugar. So there are, but there are also five lobes in the leaf of the white maple and five letters in white. Does it distinguish the sugar maple because there are five letters in the word and five lobes in the leaf? It certainly does not.

Meriel Vinal: The sugar maple is used as a shade tree in Rhode Island more than the red maple because it is more beautiful than the latter. The silhouette of this tree has a regular outline, but that of the red maple is irregular. The sugar maple is more valuable than the red maple because more than five hundred different articles are manufactured from its wood. Therefore the girls of the seventh grade contend that the sugar maple should be chosen as the state tree of Rhode Island.

IF ALL THE SKIES

If all the skies were sunshine,
Our faces would be fain
To feel once more upon them
The cooling splash of rain.

If all the world were music,
Our hearts would often long
For one sweet strain of silence,
To break the endless song.

If life were always merry,
Our souls would seek relief,
And rest from weary laughter
In the quiet arms of grief.

—Henry Van Dyke in "Songs Out of Doors."

THE SHOWER

Sing a song of raindrops,
Clouds and April weather,
Four and twenty redbreasts
Caught out together.

When the shower was ended
What a song was heard
About the rainbow splendid
From each dripping bird.

THE BLAZED TRAIL

Dr. William Gould Vinal, Rhode Island College of Education.

Equipment: Four car checks, compass, one more sandwich than you think you will need, sharp pencil and eye, a longing for the out-of-doors, a goodly measure of "pep" and red blood.

Where: Take Woonsocket car from Union Station to Cobble Hill Road.

Co-operation: It is requested that those who follow this trail heed these simple rules: Put up bars after passing through. Do not disturb the signs of the trail. Dispose of refuse.

Leave the car at Cobble Hill Road. Divide the trailers into groups of 5-10 each. Follow car track past Olney pond, turning to the right at post 107. Each group should be given five minutes start on the one before it.



Picture 1. The Stick in the Fork Points the Way

This game may be played while waiting for the various groups to get a start. See how many things made by man can be gathered on the track between Cobble Hill Road and post 107, such as buttons, matches, etc. Each article counts one point. This is car-track cribbage.

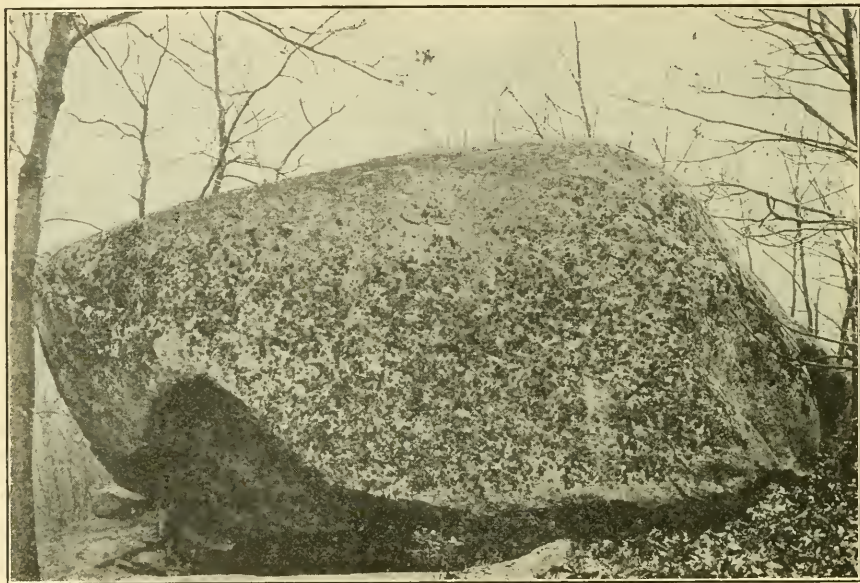
At post 107 begin at once to look for the boulder trail. This consists of large rocks which have recently been turned over. They lead to an object which looks something like a picket fence. At the end of the boulder trail—on the north end of this object—set your compass so as to take the range N20 degrees E. Walk in the direction of this range. You will soon pass an old abandoned fence row on the easterly end of a former field. The fence is not there now. Follow this range to the NE corner of the field, then along an abandoned cartway. This cartway is now a footpath. Follow the footpath most usually trodden until coming to some juniper trees. The juniper tree resembles the red cedar, except that it grows low near the ground.

At the juniper trees turn left, following this trail a few feet to a clearing. This clearing is rather recent, as shown by the chestnut stumps where the trees were cut in the winter of 1922.

Find the tote road where the logs were hauled from the cut area. Recent wheel marks on the rocks and the broken twigs of the young growth mark the trail. Follow this until coming to an auto road.

Follow the auto road north, looking on the right for two white oaks nearly 30 feet apart. The first white oak has three old blazes of an axe and the second has three new blazes just made with a knife. Just beyond these oaks turn to the right, following the trail. This part of the trail has knife blazes on trees, and when crossing a cleared area has a stick through a forked branch. The forked branch is placed in the ground and the stick points the way to the next forked branch or blaze. (See picture 1.)

You will soon come to a collection of boulders on top of a hill. There is a wonderful view from the hill. On the surface of these boulders may be found rock-tripe, a species of *Umbilicaria*. This plant has often saved the lives of



Picture 2. Rock Tripe on Rock in Lincoln Wood

arctic explorers and of hunters and trappers in Alaska. (See picture 2.) Knife blazes about six feet from the ground lead one from the boulders to a well-worn trail going to the right.

Follow this path a short way, looking on the right for a cairn—rocks placed on top of each other. The cairn marks the beginning of a new trail which leads across ledges. As these ledges remind one of the bare slopes of the northern peaks, Mount Washington, Adams, Madison, etc., the way is marked by a line of cairns such as used on these mountains. The top rock on each of these cairns is milky quartz so that it can be seen at a distance. The next cairn is always in view. Proceed cautiously so as not to lose the trail until coming to a red cedar on a cliff.

At the red cedar take a range S20 degrees east, to a large white oak over one foot in diameter. This oak is quite a little distance away, but in sight. This particular oak has three horizontal lines half encircling the tree and about 18 inches apart. Go to this oak.

At the white oak take a range 35 degrees east of south. Follow this line to a cairn.

At the cairn sight west 20 degrees south. In this direction, but not visible, are two glacial boulders over six feet high resting side by side on a glaciated rock, or ledge. Keeping the course stated, go to these boulders. If you have followed the trail correctly you are now at Twin Rocks.

From the top peak of the left-hand rock, as you approach, you may set your compass. The largest rock visible between S and E is our destination. How many degrees east of south is it? Go to this rock. It is at Rockside Point, the fireplace where we will cook our dinner.

GOLD STAR MEMORIAL TREES

The Arbor Day pamphlet for 1919 was dedicated to "memorial trees", and the suggestion was made that trees might be planted as memorials to soldier dead. The city of St. Louis has established a court of honor consisting of 503 trees dedicated to sons and daughters of the city who died in service in the World War. Other trees, to the number of 650 trees or more, will be planted on Kingshighway boulevard, making an unbroken gold star tree court of honor from one end of the city to the other. Each tree will be suitably marked with a gold star containing the name of a soldier and a brief summary of his military record. A gold star court of honor, besides being a fitting memorial to soldier dead, is an ornament of rare beauty in any community, and in future years will be a joy as well to those who pass or pause beneath the shade of the trees.

THE FOREST

The meeting boughs and implicated leaves
Wove twilight o'er the Poet's path

More dark

And dark the shades accumulate. The oak.
Expanding its immense and knotty arms,
Embraces the light beech. The pyramids
Of the tall cedar overarching frame
Most solemn domes within, and far below,
Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,
The ash and the acacia floating hang
Tremulous and pale.—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

TREES IN WINTER

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity:
The north cannot undo them,
With a sleety whistle through them;
Nor frozen thawings glue them.
From budding at the prime.—*John Keats.*

THE SIX BEST DOCTORS

The six best doctors anywhere
(And no one can deny it).
Are Sunshine, Water, Rest, Fresh Air,
And Exercise and DIET.
These six will gladly you attend
If only you are willing;
Your mind they'll cheer,
Your ills they'll mend,
And charge you not a shilling.

—*Kentucky Health Bulletin.*

PROTECT THE BIRDS

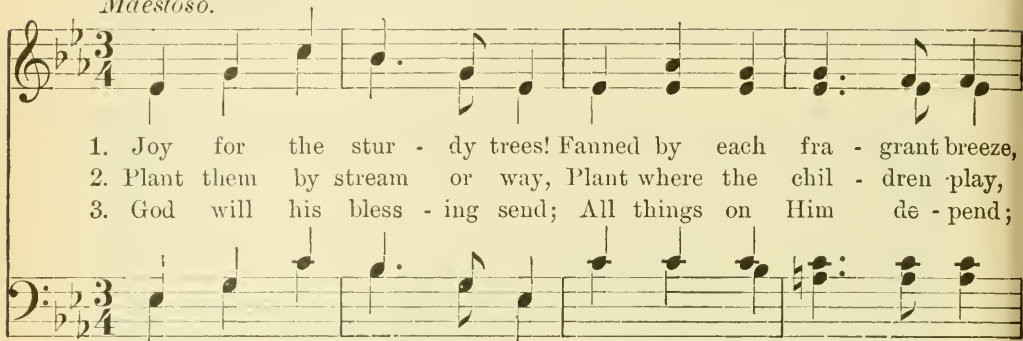
Protect the birds
That eat the insects,
That destroy the forests,
That preserve the waters,
That feed the streams,
That fill the reservoirs,
That irrigate the lands,
That produce the crops,
That supply the markets,
That provide the foods,
That nourish the people
Who make the laws.
—*Our Dumb Animals.*

ARBOR DAY SONG.

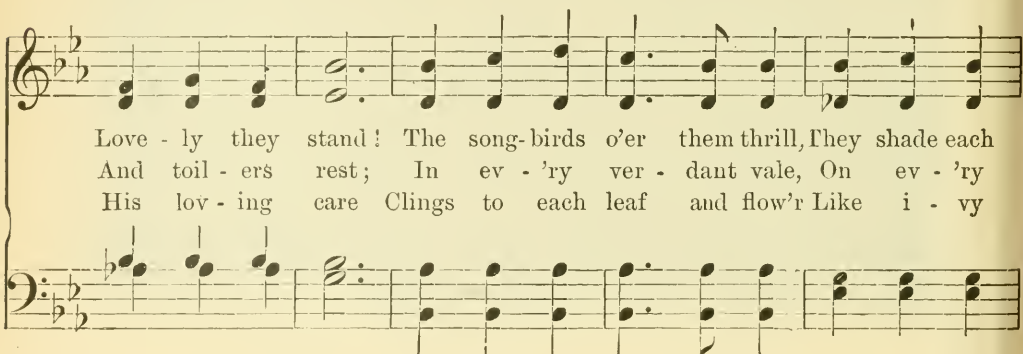
S. F. SMITH.

Author of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

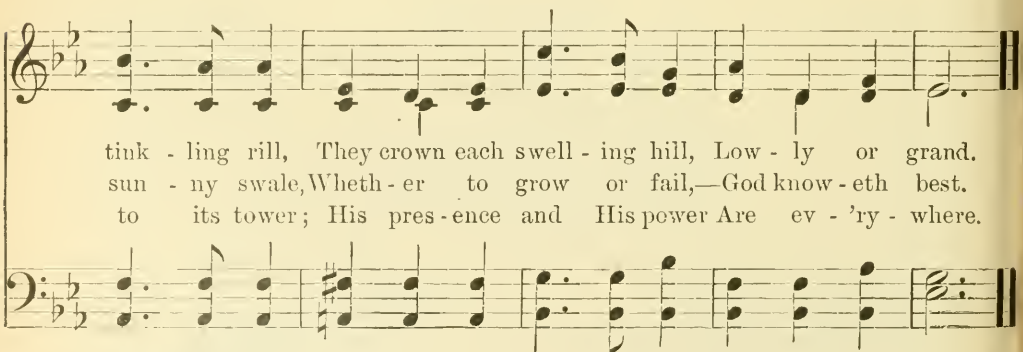
GEO. EDGAR OLIVER.

Maestoso.


1. Joy for the stur - dy trees! Fanned by each fra - grant breeze,
 2. Plant them by stream or way, Plant where the chil - dren play,
 3. God will his bless - ing send; All things on Him de - pend;



Love - ly they stand! The song-birds o'er them thrill, They shade each
 And toil - ers rest; In ev - 'ry ver - dant vale, On ev - 'ry
 His lov - ing care Clings to each leaf and flow'r Like i - vy



tink - ling rill, They crown each swell - ing hill, Low - ly or grand.
 sun - ny swale, Wheth - er to grow or fail,—God know - eth best.
 to its tower; His pres - ence and His power Are ev - 'ry - where.

ARBOR DAY VERSES FOR CHILDREN

AN ARBOR DAY TREE

Dear little tree that we plant to-day,
What will you be when you're old and gray?
"The savings bank of the squirrel and mouse,
For robin and wren an apartment house,
The dressing room of the butterfly's hall;
The locust and katydid's concert hall,
The school boy's ladder in pleasant June,
The school girl's tent in the July noon.
And my leaves shall whisper them merrily
A tale of the children who planted me."

PUSSY WILLOWS

Pussy Willows, charming, gay,
With your silken coats of gray,
Tell me how you came to be
On the branches of a tree.

Pussy Willows, dauntless, bold,
Do you never feel the cold?
Why is it you choose to roam
From a cozy fireside home?

Pussy Willows, balls of fur,
Do you ever mew or purr?
Do you frolic with delight
In the stillness of the night?

Pussy Willows, tell me true,
All your secrets, what you do;
Leave your home up in the tree,
Come and play a while with me.
—Julia Norwell McQuitty.

APRIL THOUGHTS

Some say to plant trees in the spring,
And some say in the fall;
But the worst are those who compromise
And plant no trees at all.

THIS IS ARBOR DAY

Tune: "Lightly Row"
Arbor Day, Arbor Day,
See, the fields are fresh and green;
All is bright, cheerful sight,
After winter's night.
Birds are flying in the air,
All we see is fresh and fair;
Bowers green now are seen,
Flowers peep between.

CHILDHOOD ON THE FARM

In many a crowded city
Where moves the human tide,
Eyes look with eager longing
To some old countryside.
Hearts that have long been sated
With earth recall the charm
Of life's fresh morning splendor
In childhood on the farm.

From many a path of glory
And many a throne of power
Is still recalled the wonder
Of some dear, distant hour.
Men look through years of toiling,
Of sorrow, strife and harm,
And treasure unforgetten,
Their childhood on the farm.
—Clarence E. Flynn in *Farm Life*.

FAIRIES IN THE TREE-TOPS

The fairies play in the tree-tops,
The woods are deep and still,
The wall stands high in the garden
Where the flowers climb up at will.
—Jane Banning.

CHOOSING A TREE

Child with Twigs of Spruce—

The tree I plant your homes will frame;
It has wide use, and homely fame;
On rivers blue the mossy logs
Drift, through the sunshine and the fogs,
From Northern hills to central sea;
The hardy spruce my choice shall be.

Child with Spray of Cedar—

The tree I plant will roof you in
From mountain gales or city's din;
Stout, fragrant, hale, the cedar's scent
Is with all woodland odors blent.

Child with Chestnuts—

The tree I plant will give you these;
Its blossoms lure the vagrant bees;
In generous mood, afar it flings
Its petals,—royal scatterlings.

Child with Pine Cones—

The tree I plant will bring you health;
It doffs its rusty garb by stealth;
The healing balm floats like the dew;
And lo! the pine is clothed anew!

Child with Fir Twigs—

My tree brings fruit more marvelous
Than traveler ever saw—to us;
'Tis like Aladdin's lamp once more
Answering your wishes o'er and o'er;
It fruits just at the Christmas time,
When joy-bells ring and carols chime.
Its boughs already breezes stir,
And whisper,—“A-coming! Ready, Fir!”

Child with Maple Buds—

I plant the maple; it will bring
The nesting birds to brood and sing.

A common tree it is, and plain,
And yet its shade we'll not disdain,
Nor fail to thank it for the grace
It lends to many a dreary place.

Child with Elm Twigs—

The tree I plant has graceful lines,
And branch with swaying branch entwines;
Beneath it stood our Washington,
And marshaled those who freedom won.
We link his fame and theirs with thee;
Keep green, O elm, their memory!

Child with Strip of Birch Bark or Something Made of It—

My tree is Hiawatha's still;
Its "white-skin wrapper" waits our will;
But I like best the unbroken lines
That gleam so far beside the pines.
Too wantonly art scarred—
I'll leave thy garment, Birch, unmarred!

Child with Apples—

The tree I plant brings common gifts,
But when in autumn-time it lifts
Its ripened fruit, all red and gold,
Or when we bar the snow and cold,
And shut us in with comrades rare,
Ah! then good cheer the apples are!
Hale apple tree—we you salute,
For staunch are you from tip to root.

Children Together Showing Baskets of Seeds—

Oh, rich and free the gifts of trees!
And to them all we have the keys.
Brave little seeds, we bid you go
Into the darkness cold and low.
For coming thence, we know, you'll bring
Each one a gracious offering.
—Normal Instructor and Primary Plan.

SUMMER MORNING

The air around was trembling-bright
And full of dancing specks of light,
While butterflies were dancing, too,
Between the shining green and blue.
I might not watch, I might not stay,
I ran along the meadow way.

The straggling brambles caught my feet,
The clover eld was, oh! so sweet;
I heard a singing in the sky,
And busy things went buzzing by;
And how it came I cannot tell,
But all the hedges sang as well.

Along the clover field I ran
To where the little wood began,
And there I understood at last
Why I had come so far, so fast—
On every leaf of every tree
A fairy sat and smiled at me!

—Rose Fyleman.

A WALK IN THE SPRING

I'm very glad the spring is come;
The sun shines out so bright,
The little birds upon the trees
Are singing for delight;
The young grass looks so fresh and green,
The lambs do sport and play,
And I can skip and run about
As merrily as they.

There's not a cloud upon the sky,
There's nothing dark or sad;
I jump, and scarce know what to do,
I feel so very glad.
God must be very good indeed,
Who made each pretty thing;
I'm sure we ought to love Him much
For bringing back the spring.

—M. A. Stoddart in *St. Nicholas*.

SPRING IN THE VALLEY

When the catkin's on the willow
And the tassel on the birch
The wild bees from the hiving rocks
Begin their honey search.
Brown wings among the browner grass
And breast all brightening yellow—
Pipes up from meadows as we pass
The lark's call, clear and mellow;
Now wakes the hurnished dragonfly
Beside the glinting river,
That shakes with silent laughter where
The iris banners quiver;
Now on the budding poplar boughs
The tuneless blackbirds perch;

For the catkin's on the willow
And the tassel on the birch.
Now talks the solemn crow behind
The farmer in the furrow:
The downy owl comes out at dusk
And hoots beside his burrow.
Now blows a balmy breath at morn
To call men to the sowing;
Now all the water ways are full,
And all the pastures growing;
Now truant anglers drop a line
To catfish and to perch:
For the catkin's on the willow
And the tassel on the birch,—*Mary Austin*.

ARBOR DAY RIDDLE

I have only one foot, but thousands of toes;
My one foot stands, but never goes.
I have many arms, and they're mighty all;
And hundreds of fingers, large and small.
From the ends of my fingers my beauty grows.
I breathe with my hair, and I drink with my toes.
I grow bigger and bigger about the waist,
And yet I am always very tight laced.
None e'er saw me eat—I've no mouth to bite;
Yet I eat all day in the full sunlight.
In summer with song I shake and quiver,
But in winter I fast and groan and shiver.

—George Masdonald.

ANTICIPATION

I am going to plant a hickory tree,
And then, when I am a man,
My boys and girls may come and eat
Just all the nuts they can!

And I shall say, "My children dear,
This tree that you enjoy
I set for you one Arbor Day,
When I was but a boy."

And they will answer, "Oh, how kind
To plant for us this tree!"
And then they'll crack the fattest nuts,
And give them all to me!

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER

I know a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry blooms burst with snow,
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know,
And God put another one in for luck—
If you search you will find where they grow.

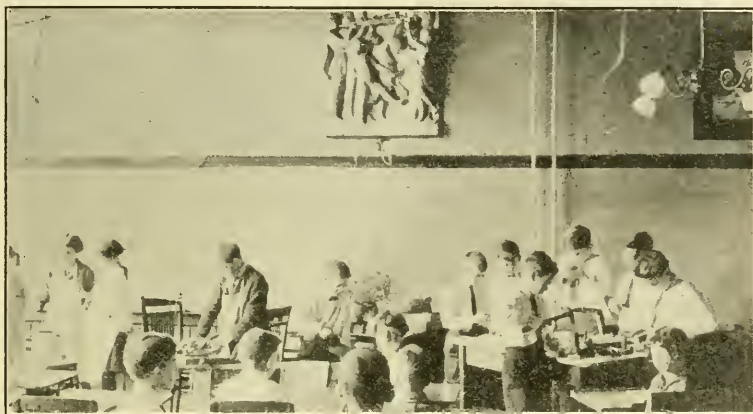
But you must have hope, and you must have faith,
You must love and be strong—and so—
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grown.

—Ella Higginson.

A BAYBERRY CANDLE PROJECT

Miss Mabel T. Gardner, Grade IV, Henry Barnard School, Rhode Island College of Education, in Co-operation with the Nature-study Department.

It was reading hour in the fourth grade one day last September. Interest was keen in the new books, among which was "A Little Maid of Narragansett Bay," by Alice Turner Curtis. Agnes, reading this book, became absorbed in the account of Penelope Balfour's plan to gather bayberries, that her mother might begin candle-making. When the period for silent reading ended, Agnes read to the class of the different steps involved in the process of making candles.



Committees at Work

Questions followed in rapid succession:

"Are bayberry candles used now?"

"Do bayberries grow near here?"

"How do they look?"

"Is it hard to pick them?"

"Can't we make some candles?"

"Does it take ever so many berries?"

"Why couldn't we make some for Christmas?"

These are a few of the questions raised. As a result of the discussion it was decided that we should make candles for Christmas gifts. Our plan was to dip a sufficient number that each pupil might have one boxed with an appropriate verse enclosed to take home as his Christmas gift. Therefore, the question of the various materials required for the carrying out of the project was our first consideration. The organization of committees was begun.

Naturally the gathering of the berries was our first serious problem; and so the location of bayberry pastures was discussed. We found that the waxy berries grow best along the shore, preferably near salt water. The distance of these pastures from the school made Saturdays the only days available for picking. The work began. How great a proposition we had undertaken was to be learned as time went on and we gathered information on the subject. It was said that a bushel of berries is needed to make one candle. We did not doubt the statement as matters progressed. Nevertheless, everyone vied with his neighbor to contribute even a handful of tiny berries to the collection. The first berries gathered were not rich in wax. Frost tends to thicken the coating. Therefore early picking is not advisable if any large quantity of wax is desired.



Molding Large Candles

One pound of berries will average about four ounces of wax.

Word came to us indirectly that quantities of the fragrant waxy berries were growing adjacent to one of the State training schools. Through correspondence between the two schools the co-operation of the children of the training school was enlisted and the candle-making project was inaugurated in full swing.

Some of the correspondence follows:

Henry Barnard School,
Providence, R. I.,
October 4, 1923.

Dear Friends,

We children of the fourth grade want to make bayberry candles for Christmas. We have heard that there are many berries near your school. Would you like to gather some for us? Your friends,

FOURTH GRADE CHILDREN,
S. R.

Bayside School,
Warwick, R. I.,
October 9, 1923.

Dear Friends,

We have started gathering the berries. Already we have quite a box full. We are glad to help you and hope you will enjoy making the candles. Your friends,

FOURTH GRADE CHILDREN,
M. M.

Henry Barnard School,
Providence, R. I.,
October 18, 1923.

Dear Friends,

We are pleased with the effort you have made in helping us gather bayberries. We shall send someone after them Wednesday afternoon if it is convenient for you. Your friends, FOURTH GRADE CHILDREN,

L. A.

Henry Barnard School,
Providence, R. I.,
October 24, 1923.

Dear Friends,

We received the bayberries that Dr. Alger brought us and we thank you for them. We should be glad to have you gather more if you want to.. Your friends,

FOURTH GRADE CHILDREN,
L. A. A.

The class soon discovered that certain equipment and tools, besides berries, were required to begin the candle-making process. Large kettles for the long boiling, a dipper, a saucepan, a knife, and a long-handled spoon were procured from our kitchen supplies at the school for immediate use. A wire sieve was thought to be too coarse for good results in straining the wax, so the mesh was removed from the frame and cheesecloth substituted. Aprons and holders to lift the hot kettles were soon in demand.

The size of the proposed candles was considered early, for upon the size other matters depended, such as the length of the wicking, and of the rods which were to hold the dips, and the dimensions of the boxes for the finished product. Class groups were formed into the following committees:

Cooking. This committee consisted of three members whose duty it was to measure the proper quantity of berries and water, light the gas stove in the domestic science room, which was at our disposal four days a week, and to see that boiling was continuous for at least three hours. At the end of that time the gas was turned off and the mixture was allowed to stand until the next morning. The cake of wax formed on top was skimmed off, melted, and strained into another kettle in which the dipping was to take place weeks hence. Great care and responsibility were necessary to prevent the burning of the precious wax. (The use of a double boiler for this and very careful straining through several thicknesses of cheesecloth are advisable.)

On account of the preponderance of the palmitin element in the bayberry wax, it is best to add either mutton or beef tallow or paraffin in proportion varying from one-third to one-half. The odor of mutton makes it less desirable than beef or other fat bodies less rich in the palmitin base. The bayberry wax will still keep its green and give its particular aroma if not too much diluted by other fats.



Dipping Bayberry Candles

The work of the cooking group was done during the regular period for free activities which occurs at the beginning of each day's session. So seriously did the pupils take their responsibility that they were always at school before their teacher and visited the cooking room to get a peep into the big kettle to find out how much wax had formed from the previous day's boiling. Nobody in that group was ever late or even nearly so. Approximately five bushels of berries were used, and the gatherers were kept busy until about two weeks before Christmas.

Sewing. There was need of this group from the very beginning, that aprons and holders might be ready for immediate use as soon as boiling began. The chairman of this committee was a little girl, who offered her services and presented proper qualifications. She chose her fellow workers with the advice



Articles Used in Making Candles

of the class. This group of children learned to cut from a pattern and made six aprons, several holders, and a needle book for each sewer.

Wicks and Dipping Rods. This group was engaged in measuring. One member cut the wicking twice the desired length of the finished candles, allowing sufficient surplus for the necessary twisting over the rods. Two others measured and cut the rods which were later to hold four candles each. The first rods were of wood, but later wire ones proved more satisfactory, as they did not spread the wicking so much.

Construction. Six children composed this group. It was their duty to decide upon the dimensions for the boxes and the materials to be used. Patterns were made and offered for class approval. The box finally chosen was made of green construction paper and lined with manila tag. This committee constructed the required number of boxes. It was an excellent project in hand work.

Decorations. This committee consisted of four members, who submitted suitable designs for box cover corners and for cards to be enclosed in each box. The bayberry spray was used as a motive. India ink was employed.

Pasting. The work of folding and pasting the boxes was done by three children after the decorating committee had completed its work with them.

Rhymes. The desire for simple verses to be printed on the gift cards created keen competition and furnished material for several language lessons touching lightly on the subject of metre. Some of the final results are quoted:

"This bayb'ry candle burning bright
Will bring you luck on Christmas night."

"This bayb'ry candle you receive
Will bring you luck on Christmas Eve."

"These bayb'ry candles we give to you
With best of wishes the whole year through."

Printing. This group was needed as soon as the verses were completed. It comprised three members, one of whom measured and cut cards.

Woodwork. Several boys desired to make candle sticks. All who so wished were encouraged to bring one made at home of whatever material available. Various sizes and shapes came to school. After much discussion a standard design was decided upon, and nine boys worked persistently with modest equipment. The results were amazing. Several pairs of large candle holders were neatly made and stained, in addition to the regulation ones for the small candles.

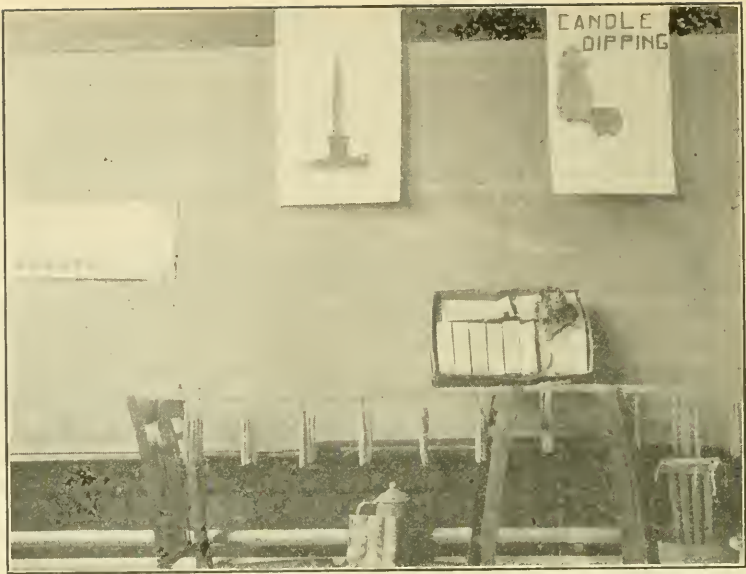
Molding. Two children worked at stringing up an old-time tin mould holding a dozen candles. As a result twenty-four large candles were obtained by this method. Two of the mantels in our building are at present decorated with candles and holders presented at Christmas with the greetings of the fourth grade pupils.

Boxing. Six children composed this group, two of whom wrapped the candles in wax paper and fastened it with Christmas seals. The other four boxed and tied each with red ribbon previously measured and cut to the proper length.

When the great day for the first dipping arrived excitement was high. Four pieces of wicking had been looped over each rod and twisted. The rods were hung across runners supported on two ordinary chairs turned back to back a few feet apart. Notches had been previously cut in the light strips of wood to hold the candle rods in place. Newspapers were used to protect the schoolroom floor. The big kettle of hot tallow was brought in and placed on a box to bring it to a convenient height. Certain children were designated as "dippers," all sharing in turn in the dipping of the wicking into the hot wax. As they cooled, the dips were shaped with the thumb and forefinger to make them hang straight. This little precaution is well worth while, that the finished candle may be satisfactory. The dipper having returned his rod to the rack, the next child repeated the process. This continued until all the wicks had been immersed. Other pupils continued the dipping, adding layers of wax to the growing candles. Each candle was dipped about fifteen times before it reached the desired size. After hardening for a few days in a cool place, the candles were slipped from the rods and each was trimmed with a sharp knife at the lower end.

On the whole, the results were eminently satisfactory, many of the fifty-eight candles showing distinctly the wavy appearance peculiar to the hand-dipped product. A molded candle, of course, does not have this characteristic, being straight and smooth.

A tiny pair of candles for the fireplace in the first grade doll house was dipped and sticks made to hold them. This gift was boxed and given to the little children as a Christmas gift. Among our most treasured souvenirs of the work is a letter of thanks from them and also from the little folks in the Children's School for the gift to their mantel.



Posters and Candles

Dear Children,

We thank you for your gift of bayberry candles and candle holders. They look very pretty over the fireplace. We would like to have you come to see them in our house. Your little friends,

THE FIRST GRADE.

Dear Miss Gardner:

The little children in the Children's School thank you and the children of the fourth grade for the candles and candlesticks you made for us.

JULIA.

This project meant much work and great care, but when the candles were all boxed and tied something significant had been accomplished by the children. Their joy in the work of their own hands was a recompense worthy of the effort of all concerned.

Two posters were made. A photograph of a bayberry spray was taken for picture post cards. These were tinted with Japanese water colors and sent to many friends who were interested in the work.

After Christmas several pupils collected greeting cards on which the candle was used as a unit of design. In considering the various Christmas symbols it was found that the candle played a very important part. Keen interest was aroused by an exhibition of these cards.

In the carrying on of this project a love of nature was awakened in many of the children, who had never before roamed through the fields on such a quest. Who can estimate the initiative developed or the value derived from solving such problems as were met? Surely in the reviving of the old custom of candle-making these children have met some important problems of daily life. Moreover, they have lived and grown through delightful experience.

"How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

—Merchant of Venice, Act V, Scene 1.



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